

Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.
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THE SPEED LIMIT.

The vital question of the speed limit of the electric cars for the next two years is pending in the legislature. A bill, giving the deciding power to the Governor and the Superintendent of Public Works, was up for third reading on Saturday and was referred to a committee consisting of the Chair members, to report Monday morning.

The Advertiser publishes herewith the speed limit regulations imposed on 112 street car companies in the United States, operating in every state in the Union. These statistics are taken from the United States census returns of 1902, and are absolutely reliable.

The official returns show that there is not a state in the Union that does not allow at least twelve or fifteen miles in the city, and all the way up to fifty miles in the suburbs.

The first of the successfully operated electric cars was installed in Richmond, Virginia, in 1887, and it was a number of years before even the experts knew all that could be done with them.

Many of the earlier franchises contained absurdly low speed limitations, simply because people did not yet know what fast traveling meant. To a community which had been accustomed to four or five miles an hour, eight to twelve miles an hour seemed a lightning express. But as the public has become accustomed to the delights of faster travel and has been enabled thereby to live in the country with cheap rents and good air, it has demanded faster rates of speed, and all of the newer franchises are being issued with much higher speed limits than formerly. The fact that forty-five out of 112 franchises allow unlimited speed in the out districts is eloquent of the advanced tendency in American cities.

In marked contrast, Montgomery, Pennsylvania, allows a speed of twenty-two miles in the city, with no limit in the suburbs, while Porto Rico scuffs its feet through the dust at the rate of five miles in the city and lives up to six miles in the country.

Hawaii does not want to emulate Porto Rico, but should get into line with up-to-date American cities.

Every citizen who does not want to adopt the Porto Rico gait for the next two years, should use his influence between now and Monday's opening of the legislature with the members thereof.

"The American Beauty Rose," said young Mr. Rockefeller, thus using a beautiful figure of speech to talk of himself and his pa, "only reaches absolute perfection because the gardener plucks a thousand buds to give all the prettiest of the plant to one bloom." It is true, too, about the rose—but as to young John, the figure seems somehow faulty, because it looks such a vast pity to devote so very much to the production of so little. The Monday school class, however, enjoyed the speech. That Sunday school class always does. There is something so pleasantly soothing about speech that may turn to gold at any time—even if it never does.

In a speech delivered recently by the German Emperor at Bremen his majesty said: "We must cherish the firm conviction that our Lord and God would never have given Himself such pains with our German fatherland and people if He had not predestined us to something great. We are the salt of the earth."

Hoch! Hoch again, and once more—Hoch!—Star.
It was probably Hoch—zwei more Hoch.

Of course it is entirely possible that President Roosevelt wants Mr. Taft to succeed him in the White House, and the United States might go farther and fare worse; still—it is not for the President to say who shall be the next. An ex-President is the one thing for which the American system has little use, and Americans less toleration.

Vanilla beans are swelling up in the import statistics. In 1903 the United States imported them to the value of \$1,032,654; in 1904 the figures went to \$1,424,647. Meanwhile the Napoosoo district of Hawaii is starting in to show that it can boost the totals some more.

Yesterday one man is said to have drawn a warrant for one week's typewriting for the House, amounting to \$300. The typewriting business seems to be looking up in spite of the dull times.

It is credibly stated that, of the large gift to Oahu College, lately reported, Mother Castle gave \$50,000.

Togo appears to be entirely willing to have the Russian fleet go where it can be sunk in shallow water.

A presidential gamebag never shrinks in the news reports.

PITCAIRN'S LONE COLONY.

LONDON, April 8.—Reports to the Colonial Office just issued, include one on Pitcairn Island, the lonely home in the Pacific of the mutineers of the armed ship, Bounty, who landed there in 1789. The islanders number seventy-seven males and ninety-two females, including children.

They are hard working and more or less healthy, but exhibit certain vicious tendencies which religion has been unable to eradicate. Many are narrow-minded and unstable. They have adopted an extraordinary patois derived from the language of the Tahitian women who accompanied the mutineers to the island. They employ this patois in conversation among themselves, although most of the adults can speak English fairly well and in some instances very well, considering the circumstances of their environment.

There are persons of ability among them, but some few appear to be lacking in intelligence. The children are comparatively numerous and if properly cared for should be useful members of the community.

In regard to the morals of the islanders, in the aggregate, little that is favorable can be said. Illegitimate children, petty thefts, brawls and the use of bad language are common. Fortunately the people do not use intoxicants. The laws and regulations which deal with the above named offenses are seldom enforced.

No deformities are noticed, but the front teeth of most of the islanders are bad. This is the only visible result of inter-marriage. The people are Seventh Day Adventists and observe the Sabbath scrupulously. They are exemplary in their attendance at weekday prayer meetings and church gatherings. Nevertheless inexcusable language and vulgarities are not unknown.

The Pitcairn Islanders contribute 10 per cent. of the produce of the place and any moneys that are received to the church and they subscribe to Sabbath schools and other religious funds. The produce so contributed is sold and the proceeds, with other cash collections, are forwarded to the foreign mission board of the Seventh Day Adventists in America.

An official who visited the island in May says in a report that he found that the government instituted in 1896, which consisted of a president, vice-president, a judge and seven members of a parliament, was not working well, so he made certain changes.

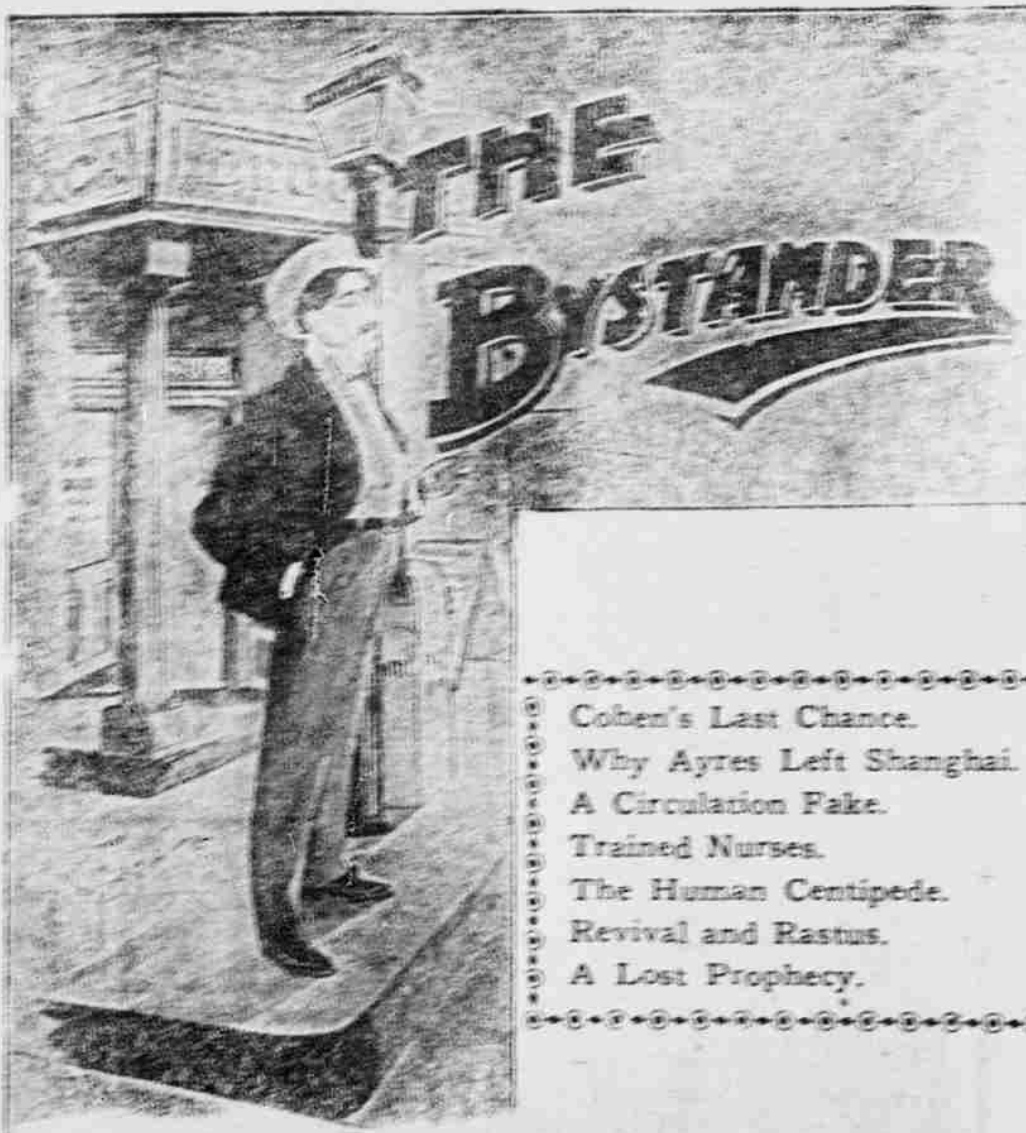
Duffer—"I've been figuring on the expenses of an automobile, and I find the greatest cost is the operation." Puffer—"Mechanical or surgical?"—Indianapolis Star.

"Oh, papa, the duke has proposed to me!" "He has?" "Yes, papa. And he says I can wear a coronet. Here's the pawn ticket for it!"—Cleveland Leader.

He—"As I sat there alone, Hilda came along and offered me a penny for my thoughts." She—"The extravagant creature!"—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Jenks—"You acted awfully silly when you proposed to me." Mr. Jenks—"Well, I was!"—Cleveland Leader.

The prudish girl is always looking for something to shock her.—Ex.



Cohen's Last Chance.
Why Ayres Left Shanghai.
A Circulation Fake.
Trained Nurses.
The Human Centipede.
Revival and Rastus.
A Lost Prophecy.

Mr. Cohen is usually mindful of his duties but he has failed, in his enthusiasm for outside page, to sign all the local talent which might have been brought into the Honolulu prize ring. Alkali Abe may, perhaps, be too much of a featherweight to introduce to an audience which looks for muscle and brawn, but Nora Scotta Davis, after his course of training under Leo Agnew, ought to have been matched against the Telephone Smasher or the Bar Association with permission to hit in the clinches. The Orpheum should not pull off a fight again without Davis, nor should it fail, when the eventful night comes, to have a big enough referee to pull Davis off.

McDon's favorite revival exercise—between speeches—is in singing the tune: "Wash Me and I Shall be Whiter than Snow." So far the Celestial Laundry has declined the job.

I asked my friend Ayres, the poet, why he left Shanghai, there having been too much poetic license in his previous explanation. "Well," said Ayres in a sudden burst of candor, "I'll tell you. My paper, The Band, made some apologetic remarks about the British commissioner and they proposed to have me arrested. I declared myself to be an American but they wouldn't have it. So one evening I tried to buy a ticket for Honolulu but the steamship company wouldn't sell. They said I was such a useful citizen that Shanghai didn't want to spare me. But you see I wanted to spare Shanghai so I hired a sampan and went to Woonang, where I boarded a vessel for Kobe but before the steamer left I was sent for. Really I was treated like a guest, for the Government even despatched an officer and a boat's crew for me. However, Kobe was my goal so I refused to disembark. Said I would sue the steamship company for damages, and all that. Well, the upshot of it was that I was allowed to go but instructions were sent to arrest me when I landed at Kobe. I was so impressed by the internal beauties of Japan that I got off at Shimonoeki and took the overland. Along the route somewhere I forgot my name—singular experience, you know; many people have had it; and when I reached Yokohama I couldn't even think of my initials and came here as somebody else. It was only after breathing the free air of Hawaii for awhile and seeing my name in an old directory that I remembered myself as the bright, particular star of the Ayres family."

What the western American editor needs in Shanghai and Hongkong, is an interchangeable barrette and flying machine.

The sudden outburst of a circulation affidavit in the Bulletin was diverting to those who knew the inside facts. It appears that, during the week specified, four transports, Sherman, Thomas, Dix and Buford, were in port with the battleship Ohio, releasing 2200 men from the transports and about 700 from the big fighting machine. Most of these people bought papers and gave the Bulletin, so it claims, an average daily circulation for the week of 2330. Probably a thousand extra copies were sold to the strangers, which is very much less than the number sold by the Advertiser; leaving the actual circulation of the Bulletin about 1300. It is on such a basis that the hand-to-mouth sheet, which divides the circulation of the evening field with two other dailies, claims a larger circulation than the Advertiser, which has the whole morning field to itself. The right paper for the Bulletin to compare circulation with is not the Advertiser, the Star or the Kuokoa, but the Independent and Miss Prescott's weekly. As for weekly edition figures given in the Bulletin it is well known that they include the extra copies sent to the travelling agent for samples. Incidental to all this it may be well to give business men a straight tip and that is to go unannounced to a newspaper office while an edition is running off its last papers and ask permission to see the counting indicator on the press. A publisher doesn't lie to himself about circulation however much his failure to get readers may tempt him to lie to other people.

There are lies, blank lies, circulation lies and evidence before a naval inquiry.

A medical journal vouches for the following story: A woman who was seriously ill awoke one night to find the nurse sitting at the foot of her bed smoking a cigarette and reading a novel. Greatly startled, the patient raised herself up in her bed and cried out: "What in the world are you doing, nurse?" To which the nurse replied: "Good gracious! I thought you were dead."

And this reminds me to speak of the trained nurse and of how many there be who go by that name and get high wages because of it, who have not learned the merest rudiments of their trade.

You have seen the nurse who goes about the sickroom with a bustling step and who sits and rocks beside a nervous patient or who gets into a row with the servants, the noise of which permeates the house. Then there is also the nurse who sips your gruel or your chocolate before offering it to you; the nurse who tries to be entertaining when your brain aches and your senses reel; the nurse who cannot cook and who, in trying to prepare dainties, brings you things you cannot eat; the nurse who has seen better days and the one who tells you of her aches and pains. Ah me! a nurse like any one of these must be the secret partner of the undertaker.

Once in a while a real nurse appears and when she does, thank God and pay her well. She wears felt slippers; she is kindly and cheerful but not voluble; she does not hover over her patient all the time, but is within easy call; she knows all the little technicalities of her trade; she can cook like a French housewife and she is tactful with servants; her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. God bless her and multiply her for she is all right.

Why not name the newly-projected Oahu College building Boki Hall in honor of Punahou's greatest benefactor?

Pinkham reminds me of a centipede. That virtuous reptile lurks in cracks and dark holes until opportunity presents itself and then reaches out and nips the unsuspecting passer-by who has never done him any harm.

The small farmer never did anything to Pinkham, but for this very reason, apparently, Pinkham fulminated a report calculated to do the farmer a deadly injury.

The Rapid Transit Company has given the small town of Honolulu one of the best railway systems on earth, and is steadily improving its service. Pinkham's bile is raised by this wicked conduct and he burns the midnight oil to make up false statistics, which he surreptitiously furnishes to a senate committee, and writes out a malicious and lying report charging the company with trying to defraud the Territory.

Miss Carrie Gilman has, for several years, been practicing the profession

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COMMERCIAL

BY DANIEL LOGAN.

Small business in the stock market and a further decline of raw sugar prices characterized the week. Such sales as have taken place, through exchange, were mostly on a short time when the European markets in bonds will be played out, following the world's sugar market as single itself up to definite stand and in keeping with the actual situation of supply and demand. Prices would then not only become steadied but stand higher than today, satisfactory as current figures are when compared with those of last year. This community will await the naturally due improvement in other values sympathetically with the rise in sugar. Real Estate particularly is slow of response, though prices at forced sales appear to be bettering.

THE WEEK'S EXCHANGE.

Following are the transactions for the five days of business held by the Honolulu Stock and Bond Exchange: Wainulu (\$400), 5 at \$12.50; McElyde (\$200), 10 at \$12.50; 20 at \$12.50; Hawaiian Sugar (\$200), 21 at \$12.50; Pioneer (\$100), 20 at \$12.50; 20 at \$12.50; Ewa (\$200), 20 at \$12.50; 25 at \$12.50; 100 at \$12.50; 50 at \$12.50; H. C. & S. Co. (\$300), 25 at \$12.50; Agricultural (\$100), 12 at \$12.50; Kilauea (\$50), 10 at \$12.50; Oahu (\$200), 20 at \$12.50; Oahu (\$200), 100 at \$12.50; Hailu 5 p. n. bonds \$5,000 at \$102.50; Puna 6's \$5,000 at \$102.50; Territory of Hawaii 4's \$4,000 at \$100; O. R. & L. Co. 6's \$50,000 at \$104.25.

REAL ESTATE, ETC.

A notable event of yesterday was the sale at auction under foreclosure of the entire property of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel Co., to liquidate a bonded indebtedness of \$156,632.52. The Fisher, Ames Co. conducted the sale for M. T. Simonsen, commissioner of court, and starting at \$15,000 the property was on the fifth bid knocked down to the Hawaiian Trust Co., trustee of the bondholders, for \$95,000. There had been considerable bidding over the event between Honolulu and San Francisco, and anticipations of a price about covering the debt and expenses were indulged up to the last moment. It is surmised on the outside that an arrangement had been quickly effected at the last hour, and it would not surprise those of this opinion if Col. Gen. W. Macfarland reappeared as the guiding hand of the old hotel.

Several foreclosure sales came off at James F. Morgan's auction rooms yesterday. An unspecified interest of Sam Newlin in 2250 acres of land on Molokai was sold to A. M. Brown, trustee, for \$2,000. A four-fifths interest of M. D. Monarrat in a lot in Union street, adjoining the Oregon building, went to Mrs. Louissou for \$3,000. Leases to F. J. Cross were sold for \$110 to O. R. & L. Co. The beautiful country place of the late James Ode at Kaneohe, containing 15.24 acres, was sold under a first mortgage of \$6,000 to Mrs. Katharine M. Allen for \$12,000. There was a second mortgage of \$12,000 on the property made in liquidation of merchandise debt, the surplus of proceeds going to which may be considered as fairly good for these times. Next Saturday Morgan will sell a desirable house lot in Makiki street formerly belonging to the late Dr. Tromsman.

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SMALL TALKS

BY SOL N. SHERIDAN.

"I suppose we will have to go and see Jack when he gets into jail for promoting illegal voting under the provisions of the County Act," smiled Governor Carter. "Will they put him to work on the roads? It costs with the High Sheriff, I should say, but it is hardly likely. If it is hard labor, they would better put him at the interpretation of laws."

"It is no joke, all the same," growled the Secretary of the Territory. "The law must be carried out—and if it is carried out it is broken. Amusing paradox! Oh, particularly amusing! You would think so, if you had to solve the problems of making legal voters of men who have a perfect right to vote, and who are yet disfranchised because the new law splits a precinct."

So, Teddy, he has killed a bear!

What do you think of that?

Say, George, you'll have to get back there into the hills, I do declare,—
And breathe some yards of mountain air,—
And show him where he's at.

He killed his bear at the first shot;

And doesn't he shoot true?

But Carter, too, is rather hot
At shooting things—and wherefore not?
If males don't fill the dinner pot,
He'll shoot a goat or two.

The legislature has turned out a lot of things, but it has remained for the last few days of the session to develop a rhymester, a writer of limericks, in the person of Senator Dickey—who should be, it would seem, old enough to know better. And yet, listen to him:

There was a sweet cherub, named Paul,
Who didn't like walking at all,
His machine it went bust,
And Paul trod the dust
Till he felt like a used-up baseball.

And once more listen to him:

A statesman, whose last name was Dickey,
Thought he could play ball, but was tricky;
He fell in the mud,
With a dull, heavy thud,
And, when he arose, he was sticky.

Bad? Atrocious. But consider how much worse it might have been if he had been in the House.

"Shiver my tarry top-lights, if that fellow in there isn't a lawyer—and I thought he was a farmer," growled an old salt from the Tilly Starbuck, coming out from a bad quarter hour in the office of United States District At-

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UP-TO-DATE LIMERICKS.

Ethel Watt Mumford.

John woke on Jan. first and felt queer:
Said: "Crackers, I'll swear off this year!
For the lobster and wine
And the rabbit were fine,
And it certainly wasn't the beer."

There was a young man who said: "There,
I will sneak out during this prayer!"
But the squeak of his shoes,
So enlivened the pews
That he sat down again in despair.

There was an old man of Tarrentum
Who sat on his false teeth and bent 'um;
When asked what he'd lost,
And what they had cost,
He replied: "I don't know, I just rent 'um."

There was a good dame of Cape Horn,
Whose clothing was tattered and torn.
She remarked, debonnaire,
As she pinned up her hair:
"Three bargains I purchased this morn."